

A
Week's Devotions,
Being a Collection of
H Y M N S,
MEDITATIONS,
AND
PRAYERS.

For every Day in the Week.

To which is added,
Four H Y M N S, on the
Nativity; on the *Passion*;
on the *Resurrection* of our **SAVIOUR**;
and on the *Descent* of
the **HOLY SPIRIT.**

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An octagonal stamp with a double-line border containing the text "MUSEUM BRITAN NICVM".

THE PREFACE:

Reader,

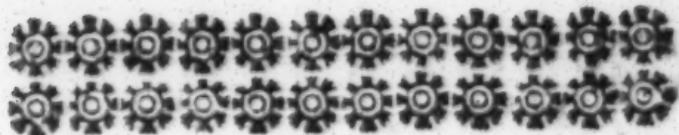
This small Treatise, amongst the Multitude of others of the same Bulk, craves your favourable Acceptance ; for altho' it is short, yet it contains a Collection of such *pure Devotions*, mix'd with a *Melody of Hymns*, as may well demand your admittance of it, if not as a *Closet Companion*,

A 2 yet

yet as a *Pocket* one,
the Nature of it being
different (considering
its Brevity, Plainness,
and small Price) from
any yet publish'd, and
suited to the meanest
Capacities ; which if
read with an earnest
desire of being Good,
may (by God's Help)
much Benefit the Read-
er, and infinitely sa-
tisfy the pure Intent
of your Servant,

The Collector.

Sunday-



Sunday-Morning's *Meditations.*

PREVENT, we beseech thee, O Lord, our Actions with thy holy Inspirations, and carry them on by thy gracious Assistance, that every Prayer and Work of ours, may begin always from thee, and by thee be happily ended, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

A 3 OUR

2 *Sunday-Morning's*

OUR Father, which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name, thy Kingdom come ; thy Will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven : Give us this Day our daily Bread. And forgive us our Trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into Temptation, but deliver us from Evil : For thine is the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory, For ever and ever. Amen.

This is the Day which the Lord hath made ; let us be glad, and rejoice therein.

Welcome blest Day, wherein the Sun of Justice arose ; and chas'd away the Clouds of Fear.

Wel.

Meditations. 3

Welcome, Thou Birth Day
of our Hopes ; a Day of Joy
and publick Refreshment.

A Day of Holiness and so-
lemn Devotion ; a Day of
Rest and universal Jubilee.

Welcome to us, and our
dark World ; may thy ra-
diant Name revive it for e-
ver.

May all the Earth be en-
lightned with thy Beams ;
and every frozen Heart re-
joyce and sing.

Raise thy Head, O my
Soul ! and look up, and be-
hold the Glory of thy cru-
cified Saviour.

Blessed be God, and the
Father of our Lord Jesus
Christ, who, according to
his great Mercy, has rege-

A 4 nerated

4 Sunday-Morning's

generated us to a lively Hope,
by the Resurrection of Jesus
Christ from the Dead, to an
Inheritance incorruptible, and
pure, and which cannot fade,
conserv'd for you in the Hea-
vens.

H T M N.

(Bed,
*W*ake, my Soul, rise from this
of dull and sluggish Earth,
Quickly rise, lift up thy Head,
and see thy Lord's New-Birth.

Once he came, O blessed He !
born of a Virgin Womb,
Now he comes (both Times for
Thee,)
sprung from a Virgin-Tomb.

Lo, He rises fresh and bright,
incircled round with Stars,
Which from him take all their
(Light,
and from his glorious Scars.
Still

Meditations.

5

Still as He his Progress makes,
up to his Heav'n again,
Each blest Saint his Musick takes,
and follows in his Train.

Thus together they ascend,
till at Heav'n's Gate they come,
Where the Angels all attend,
to bid them Welcome Home.

Soon they know again their King,
soon they his Call obey ;
All the Choirs come forth to Sing,
and crown with Mirth the Day.

Come, my Soul, let us rejoice,
let us our Comfort bring ;
Up to the Heav'ns let's lift our
and with the Angels sing. (Voice,

Glory, Honour, Power, and Praise
to the mysterious Three ;
As at the first Beginning was,
may now and ever be. Amen.

A 5

Wby

6 Sunday-Morning's

Why seek you the Living among the Dead ? He is risen ; He is not here, he is risen, and the Heav'ns have receiv'd him.

Thither, O my Soul, let us still be going, where once to arrive, is always to be at Rest ; there let us dwell already in Hopes, where once to enjoy is always to be happy : Since whate'er we desire we are sure to have, and whate'er we have can never be taken from us.

Let us believe, obey, and suffer ; let us read, and meditate, and pray : Heav'n's a Reward worth all our Pains, since what-e'er we desire we are sure to have ; and what-e'er we have can ne'er be taken from us. The

The P R A Y E R.

O God, who hast glorified our victorious Saviour, with a visibly triumphant Resurrection from the Dead, and Ascension into Heaven, where he sits at thy Right-hand, the World's supremest Governour, and final Judge! Grant, we humbly beseech thee, his Triumphs and Glories may ever shine in our Eyes; so make us more clearly see through his Sufferings, and more courageously wade through our own; being assur'd by his Example, that if we endeavour to live and dye like him, purely for the advance of thy Love in our selves

8 Sunday-Morning's

selves and others, thou wilt
raise again our Bodies too,
and conformating them to his
glorious Body, call us up a-
bove the Clouds, and give us
Possession of thy everlasting
Kingdom, thro' the Merits of
our Lord Jesus Christ, thy
Son who with Thee, and the
Holy Ghost, lives and reigns,
one God, World without end.

Amen.

Sunday-

Sunday-Evening's MEDITATIONS.

OUR Help is in the Name
of the Lord, who made
Heaven and Earth.

Our Father, &c.

All is unquiet here, till we
come to Thee, and repose at
last in the Kingdom of Peace.

Who will give me the
Wings of a Dove, that I may
fly away and be at rest ?

That I may fly away from
the Troubles of this life ;
and be with thee, O my dear
Lord !

Here

10 *Sunday-Evening's*

Here we, alas ! are forced
to Sigh, and bear with Grief
the Load of our Miseries.

Often we encounter Chanc-
ces that endanger us ; and
divert our Progress in the
Ways of Bliss.

Often we are assaulted with
Temptations that overcome
us ; and set us back in the
Accompt of Eternity.

How many times have we
fully agreed, O my Soul, that
Heaven is the Place of Hap-
piness !

Yet do these false Allure-
ments again deceive us ; and
steal away our Hearts to dote
upon Folly.

Yet do inconstant we for-
get our Resolves ; and most
wretchedly Neglect our true
Felicity. O

Meditations. 11

O thou victorious Conqueror of Sin and Death ! Do thou assist us in this dangerous Warfare.

O thou benign Refresher of distressed Spirits ! Do thou relieve us in this tedious Pilgrimage.

Make us still thirst and sigh after thee ; the living Fountain of Life giving Streams.

Make us despise all other delights ; and set our Affections entirely on thy Joys.

Since nothing, Lord, can satisfie our Souls but thee ; O let our Souls seek nothing but thee.

HYMN

12 Sunday-Evening's

H Y M N.

Dear Jesus, when, when will it
That I no more shall break
with thee!
When will this War of Passion
cease,
And let my Soul enjoy thy Peace?

Here I Repent, and Sin again;
Now I revive, and now am Slain:
Slain with the same unhappy
Dart,
Which, O too often wounds my
Heart.

When, dearest Lord, when shall
I be
A Garden seal'd to all but Thee?
No more expos'd, no more undone,
But live and grow to Thee alone.

'Tis not, alas! on this low Earth,
That such pure Flow'rs can find a
Birth:

Only

Meditations. 13

Only they spring above the Skies,
Where none can Live, till here be
Dyes.

Then let me Dye, that I may go
And dwell where those white Lil-
lies grow :
Where those blest Plants of Glory
rise,
And make a safer Paradise.

No dang'rous Fruit, no tempt-
ing Eve,
No crafty Serpent to Deceive :
But we like Gods indeed shall be :
O let me Dye, that Life to see.

Thus says my Song ; but does
my Heart
Jyn with the Words, and sing it's
Part ?
Am I so thorough Wise, to chuse
The other World, and this refuse ?

Why should I not ? What do I
find
That fully here contents my
Mind ? What

14 Monday-Evening's

*What is this Meat, and Drink,
and Sleep,
That such poor Things from
Heav'n shou'd keep?*

*What is this Honour, or great
Place?
Or Bag of Money, or fair Face?
What's all the World, that thus
we shou'd
Still long to dwell in Flesh and
Blood?*

*Fear not, my Soul, stand to the
Word,
Which thou hast sung to thy dear
Lord:
Let but thy Love be firm and
true,
And with more Heat thy Wish
renew.*

*O may this dying Life make haste
To dye into true Life at last:
No Hope have I to Live before,
But then to Live, and live no
more.*

Great

Meditations. 15

Great, ever-living God! to
Thee,
In Essence One, in Person Three,
May all thy Works their Tribute
bring,
And ev'ry Age thy Glory sing.

Amen.

O glorious Lord, whose infinite Sweetness provokes and satisfies all our Appetites!

May my entire Affections delight in thee, above all the vain Enjoyments of this World.

Love not the World, nor the Things that are in the World : If any one love the World, the Charity of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the World is

16 *Sunday-Evening's*

is Concupiscence of the Flesh,
Concupiscence of the Eyes,
and Pride of Life ; which is
not of the Father, but of the
World ; and the World pas-
ses away, and the Concipi-
scence thereof ; but he that
does the Will of God, abides
for ever.

Learn of me, says our
Lord, for I am meek and
humble of Heart ; and you
shall find Rest to your Souls.

Meekness is indeed the
Heaven of this Life, but the
Heav'n of Heav'ns is above
with thee.

The

The P R A Y E R.

O God, whose gracious Providence has particularly ordain'd the Spirit of Meekness, to waft us safely thro' the turbulent Sea of this World, to our Haven of Bliss; Vouchsafe, we beseech thee, that the clear Experience we every Day make of our own Weakness and Vanity, may so dispose of us for this precious Virtue, that our Minds be never discompos'd with Passion, nor our Tongues break thro' into violent Expressions, but our Temper be always preserv'd, let the World stir how it will about us, calm and even, and as becomes

18 *Sunday-Evening's*

comes those, all whose Powers are possest with the Joys of Heav'n, and apt to feel in every one the sweet Impulses of Hope and Charity, thro' our Lord Jesus Christ thy Son, who with thee, and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth ever one God, World without end. Amen.

Visit we beseech thee, this Habitation, and drive far away all Snares of the Enemy.

Let thy holy Angels dwell therein, to preserve us in peace, and thy Blessing be upon us for ever.

Vouchsafe us, we beseech thee, O Lord, a quiet Night, and an happy End. Amen.

Mon-



Monday Morning's MEDITATIONS.

COME let's adore our God
that made us.

Our Father, &c.

Let us with Reverence appear before God ; and humble our selves in the presence of his Glory : Let us all bring forth our Psalms of Praise ; and sing with Joy to our great Creator.

He made us, not we our selves ; and freely bestow'd on us the rest of his Creatures ;
to

20 Monday-Morning's

to engage our Hearts to love his goodness, and admire the Riches of his infinite Bounty.

Our Bodies he fram'd of the Dust of the Earth, and gave us a Soul after his own likeness; a Soul which all created Nature cannot fill; nor any thing below his own Immortality.

For himself he made us, and for his glorious Kingdom, that we might dwell with him in perfect Bliss, and sing his Praise for ever.

H T M N.

*W*ake now my Soul, and bumbly
bear
What thy mild Lord Commands.
*E*ach Word of his will charm thine
Ear;
*E*ach word will guide thy Hands
Hark

Meditations.

Hark how his sweet and tender
(Care)

Complies with our weak minds ;
What e're our state and temper are
still some fit work he finds.

They that are merry let them sing,
and let the sad Hearts pray ;
Let those still ply their Ch earful
(wing,
And these their sober way.

So mountsthe early Chirping-Lark
still upwards to the Skies ;
So sits the Turtle in the dark,
Sighing out Moans and Cries.

And yet the Lark, and yet the Dove,
both sing through several parts ;
And so should we how e're we move
with light or heavy Hearts.

Or rather both, should both assay,
and i heir cross Notes unite ;

B

Both

22 Monday Morning's
Both grief and joy should sing and
(pray;
Since both such hopes invite.

Hopes that all present Sorrow
(beal,
all present Joy transcend;
Hopes to possess, and taste, and feel
Delights that never end.

All Glory to the Sacred Three,
all Honour, Power and Praise;
As at the first may ever be,
beyond the end of Days. Amen.

Praise the Lord, O my Soul,
and all that is within me
Praise his Holy Name.

Worthy art thou, O Lord
our God, to receive Glory,
and Honour, and Power; be-
cause thou hast Created all
things, and for thy Will they
are, and were Created.

He

He spake the Word, and
they were made.

He but Commanded, and
they were Created.

The P R A Y E R.

O Almighty Lord, the only wise and good Creator of the Universe; who mad'st all Corporal Nature for the use of Man, and Man for his own Felicity! Enlarge our Souls we beseech thee, humbly to admire, and adore thy infinite Fulness of Being in thy self, and thy immense liberality of it to us; and Mercifully carry on the whole Creation to its end: Vouchsafing so to order all thy Creatures about us, by

B 2 thy

24 *Monday-Ev'ning's*

thy Grace, that they may attain their Perfection in duly serving us, and we ours in Eternally enjoying thee ; through our Lord Jesus Christ thy only Son. Amen.



Monday Evening's

MEDITATIONS.

TO know thee, O Lord, is the highest Learning ; and to see thy Face is the only Happiness.

To know our selves is the truest Wisdom, and to see our own Poverty the greatest Riches.

Vani-

Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity, but the Love of God and hope to enjoy him.

Lord without thee, what's all the World to us, but a flying dream of busie Vanities.

It promises indeed a Paradise of Bliss ; but all it performs is an empty Cloud,

Thine are the Joys which shine fixed as the Stars ; and make the only solid Heaven.

Lord, without thee, what are we to our selves, but the wretched Causes of our own Ruin.

We, till thou gaveft us Being, were purely Nothing ; more remov'd from Happiness, than the Miserableft of thy Creatures.

26 *Monday Evening's*

Now thou hast made us, we
wholly depend on thee, and
Perish immediately if thou
forsake us.

Thou, without us, art the
same all glorious God, and
full of thy own everlasting
Felicity.

Without us, thy Royal
Throne stands firm for ever ;
and all the Powers of Heav'n
obey with Pleasure thy Com-
mands.

Pity, O Gracious Lord,
our imperfect Nature ; whose
every Circumstance is so con-
trary to thine.

Be thou to us our God, and
all things ; and make us no-
thing in our own Eyes.

Be thou our whole ever-
lasting

Meditations. 27

lasting delight ; and let nothing else be any thing to us.

Teach us, O gracious Lord,
to begin our Works with
Fear ; and go on with Obe-
dience, and finish 'em with
Love, and after all sit humbly
down in Hope, and with a
cheerful Countenance look
up to thee, whose Promises
are faithful, and Rewards
infinite.

H Y M N.

NOW, my Soul, the Day is gone,
which in the Morn was thine,
Now its Glass no more shall run,
its Sun n. longer shine.

True, alas ! the Day is gone,
O were it only so,
It's not lost as we'l as d'me,
Cast up thy Counts and know.
Are

28 Monday-Evening's

*Are we so much nearer Heav'n,
as to the Grave we bow?
Has our Sorrow made all even,
and clear'd the Debts we owe?*

*From what Vice have we refrain'd
to break the Course of Sin?
What new Virtue have we gain'd,
to make us Rich within?*

*Time is well bestow'd on those,
who well their Time bestow;
Whose main Concern still forward
(goes;
whose Hopes still riper grow.*

*Who, when e're the Clocks proclaim
another Hour is past;
Have an Art to set their Aim,
And thoughts upon the last.*

*That their last and happiest Hour,
which brings them to their Home
Where they sing and bless the Pow'r
by which they thither come.*

Q

Meditations. 29

O my God of Life and Death,
the ever-living King;
Since thou giv'st to all their breath
may all thy Glory sing.

Glory, Honour, Power and Praise
to the mysterious Three;
As at the first beginning was.
may now, and ever be. Amen.

ALL thy Ways, O Lord,
are Mercy and Wisdom,
and all thy Councils tend to
our Happiness.

Be angry and Sin not, let
not the Sun go down upon
your Wrath; and grieve not
the Holy Spirit of God, in
which you are Seal'd to the
Day of Redemption: Let all
bitterness and anger, and in-
dignation, and clamour, and
blasphemy, and all Malice,
be taken away from you:

B 5 B 3

30 *Monday-Evening's*

Be gentle one to another, and Merciful, Pardonning one another, as God also in Christ has Pardonned you. Happily ends that Day whose Evil ends with it, Cancel'd by just Contrition; happily begins that Night, which is introduced with Aspirations to our eternal Rest.

The Day is thine, and the Night is thine.

Lord may thy Grace, through both, breed us up also thine.

THE PRAYER.

O God! Whose gracious Providence vouchsafes us a frequent Monitor of our own, and the World's last end,
by

by Burying every Day in the silent Grave of Night ; Sweeten we humbly beseech thee, and render Familiar to our Expectations, those terrible Periods of Time, by our constant due use of this, to even our Accounts with thee, and fit our selves for Sleep with a devout Composure of our Souls to their eternal Rest ; and grant that our yielding so often, and so easily at the Summons of our drowsie Humours, to suspend for some Hours all Operations of the whole Man, may teach our Souls to reflect themselves into a more reasonable willingness, when ever thou callest us to leave our Bodies in the Bed of Dust, and pass into

B 6 the

32 *Monday-Evenings*

the State of their own perfect
and ever-waking Activity
and Bliss, heightned by sure
hopes of compleatly glorify-
ing Resurrection through our
Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

Tuesday Morning's

MEDITATIONS.

O Glorious Jesus! in whom
we live, and without whom
we dye; mortifie in us all
sensual desires, and quicken
our Hearts with thy Holy
Love: That we no longer
esteem the Vanities of this
World, but place our Affection-
ons entirely on thee; who
Dy'd for our Sins, and Rose
again

again for our Justification.
Amen.

Our Father, &c.

Come lets adore our God
that preserves us.

From thee, O Lord, we
derive our Being, and from
the same goodness our Conti-
nuance to be: If thou with-
draw'st thy Hand but one
Moment, we instantly return
to our first Nothing.

From all our Enemies his
Providence defends us; and
covers our Head in the Day
of Danger: He sends in his
Grace to relieve our Weak-
ness; and disappoints the
Temptations that threaten to
undo us.

Here

34 Tuesday-Morning's

Here his almighty Power sustains our Life, and Mercifully allows us space to Repent: That by well employing the time he lends us, we may wisely provide for our own Eternity.

He still repeats his Blessings to us; and shall we neglect our Duty to him? He freely bestows on us all our Days, and shall we not spend half an Hour in his Service, and singing his Praises due unto him?

H Y M N.

Come let's adore the gracious
(Hand,
that brought us to this Light;
That gave his Angels strict Com-
(mand
to be our Guard last Night.
When

Meditations. 35

When we laid down our weary
Head,
and sleep Seal'd up our Eye,
They stood and watch'd about the
(Bed,
To let no Harm come nigh.

Now we are up, they still go on,
and guide us through the Day ;
They never leave their Charge
(alone,
what e're besets our way.

And, O my Soul, how many Snares
lye spread before our Feet ;
In all our Joys, in all our Care's,
some danger still we meet.

Sometimes the Sin does us o'retake,
and on our weakness win ;
Sometimes our selves our ruin
(make,
and we o'retake the Sin.

O save us Lord, from all those
(Darts,
that seek our Soul to slay ;
Save

36 Tuesdays-Morning's

Save us from 'em, and our false
(Hearts,
Lest we our selves betray.

Save us, O Lord, to thee we cry,
from whom all Blessings spring;
We on thy Grace alone rely ;
alone thy Glory sing.

Glory to thee, Eternal Lord,
thrice Blessed three in one.
Thy name at all times be ador'd,
till time it self be done. Amen.

If we Receive all we have
of God, why do we boast, as
if we had it of our selves.

God is my Saviour, whom
shall I fear? God is my Pro-
tector, of what shall I te
afraid.

Thus we depend, and hap-
py we in this Dependance,
did

Meditations. 37

did we but know our own
true Interest.

To him who is able to
preserve you without Sin, and
set you Immaculate before the
sight of his Glory, in Exalta-
tion, at the coming of our
Lord Jesus Christ: To the
only God our Saviour, by
Jesus Christ our Lord, be
glory and Magnificence, Em-
pire and Power, before all
Ages, and now, and to all
Ages, for ever, Amen.

He has led us out of the
Bondage of Egypt.

And made us a Way to the
true Land of Canaan.

PRAYER.

The P R A Y E R,

O God, who, to preserve in reach of Happiness those whom thou preserv'd in being, sent'st down, in fulness of time (as thy Mercy, antient as our Misery had promised) the true Messias to save the World from the Ruin which Adam's Fall had plung'd it! Fill our Souls we beseech thee, through deep Admirations of this thy excessive Bounty, with an overflowing Love of thy self, infinitely fuller of Goodness than even thy self can'st express to us: And grant that this Love may so powerfully endear us to our Heav'nly Master's Precepts and

and Example, that our perfect observing them may Reciprocally raise this Love, till it fit us for our only Bliss, the eternal Enjoyment of thee; through our Lord Jesus Christ, thy Son. Amen.

Tuesday Evening's

MEDITATIONS.

WHO is like thee, O Lord,
amongst the Gods!
Who is like thee, terrible in
Judgments.

Speak no more Proudly
vain Dust, nor provoke any
longer the living God.

Seal up thy Lips in humble
silence, and tremblingly
Remember

49 *Tuesday-Evening*

Remember his dreadful Judgments.

Remember how the Earth open'd it self, and Swallow'd up alive so many Thousands.

Remember how the Clouds Rain'd Fire and Brimstone, and Buried whole Cities in their Ashes.

Remember how the general Deluge o'respread the World, and swept almost all Mankind.

Remember and ask the Cause of all this Ruin, and tell aloud to the bold Offender.

Tell him, 'twas Sin, and such as his, that drew upon them such swift Destruction.

Sin threw the Angels down from

from Heaven, and Chain'd
them up in eternal Darkness

Sin banish'd Adam out of
Paradice, and turn'd that de-
licious Garden into a Field
of Weeds.

O God, how terrible is thy
mighty Arm; when thou
stretcheſt it out to be aveng'd
of thine Enemies.

O Sin, how Fatal is thy
desperate Malice, that pulls
on our Heads all the Thun-
der of Heav'n.

O my Soul, how dull and
senseleſs are we to Sleep se-
cure, as if all were safe.

Can we repeat these ama-
zing Truths, and not tremble
at divine Justice.

Can we consider the de-
plorable End of Sinners; and
ſtill

42 *Tuesday Evenings*

still go on in the Ways of
Sin.

Even while we Sing thy
Praises, O Lord, our very
Duty should fear before thee.

What should corrupt Na-
ture then do, when it see'st
it self ready to offend thee?

What should a guilty Con-
science then do, when it sees
it self Ruin'd by Offending
thee?

Strike thou our Hearts, O
infinite Majesty, with an aw-
ful Reverence of thy great
Name.

Correct our many Levities
into a pious Sadness, and
break our proud Spirits to
Bow to thee.

Still may our Conscience
cry aloud within us, Dare
you

you commit this Evil, and Sin against your God?

Dare you Commit this Evil, and undo your selves, and I lunge your own Souls in everlasting Torments?

Forbid so mad a Rashness, gracious Lord, and make thy Judgments on others, Mercies to us.

Dreadful art thou, O Lord, in the Terror of thy Judgments, but infinitely more amiably in the Sweetness of thy Mercies.

His Right-Hand holds a Golden Sceptre.

And his Left a Flaming Sword.

HYMN

HYMN.

*Fain would my thoughts fly up
 (to thee;
 thy Peace, sweet Lord to find;
 But when I offer still the World
 lays Clogs upon my Mind.*

*Sometimes I climb a little way,
 and thence look down below;
 How nothing, there, do all things
 (seem,
 that here make such a show.*

*Then round about I turn my Eyes,
 to feast my Hungry sight;
 I meet with Heaven in every thing,
 in every thing delight.*

*I see thy Wisdom ruling all,
 and it with Joy admire;
 I see thy self among such hopes,
 as set my Heart on fire.*

When

Meditations. 49

When I have thus Triumph'd a
while,
and think to Build my Nest;
Some cross Conc'sts come flutt'ring
(by),
and interrupt my Rest.

Then to the Earth again I fall,
and from my low dust Cry;
'Twas not on my Wing, Lord, but
(thine),
that I got up so high.

And now, my God, whether I rise,
or still lye down in Dust;
Both I submit to thy blest Will,
in both on thee I trust.

Guide thou my Way, who art, thy
(self),
my everlasting End;
That every Step, or swift or slow,
still to thy self may tend.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One Consustantial Three,

C

A

46 *Tuesday-Evenings*

*All highest Praise, all bumblest
(Thanks,
now and for ever be. Amen.*

The end of all is at Hand,
be Wise therefore, Watch in
Pray'rs; but above all have
mutual Charity continually
among your selves ; for Cha-
rity covers a multitude of
Sins.

Use Hospitality one to-
wards another, without Mur-
mering ; every one, as has
receiv'd Grace, ministering the
same one towards another, as
good dispensers of the mani-
fold Grace of God. If any
Man speaks as the Words of
God, if any Man Minister,
as of the Power which God
gives, that in all things God
may

Meditations. 47

may be Honour'd in Jesus Christ, to whom is Glory and Empire, for ever and ever.
Amen.

O may thy holy Will, dear Lord, be all our Rule, and thy gracious Hand our Guide.

O may thy infinite Goodness engage us to Love thee, and thy blessed Love prepare us to enjoy thee.

The P R A Y E R.

O Gracious Lord, whose Laws are but necessary Rules of Soul-saving Love, and whose Commands are but efficacious Advices of what our Nature requires to grow Happy: Quicken we beseech thee, the slackness of our Obedience

48 *Tuesday-Evenings*

bedience to them, by often reflecting on this thy generous Goodness, and grant that the ready Observance paid by all other Creatures to thy least Will in serving us, may so reproach our perverse resisting the guidance of thy sweet Spirit towards our only good, which thou kindly call'st thy Service; that we may feel our selves confounded with Shame at our notorious Follies, and be henceforth apter to Learn, by all the World about us, our Duty to thee; through our Lord Jesus Christ thy Son, who with thee and the Holy Ghost, Lives and Reigns one God World without end.
Amen.

Wednesday

Wednesday Mornings

MEDITATIONS.

SEND down, O thou God
of our Fathers, and Lord
of Mercy; send down thy
Wisdom from thy holy Hea-
ven, and from the Seat of thy
Greatness to be in us, and
Labour with us, and teach us
what is acceptable to thee,
that we may know our End,
and wisely choose our way,
and order all our Actions to
our true Felicity through
our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Our Father, &c.

C 3

Thou

50 *Wednesday-Morning's*

Thou art our Lord, and we will serve thee in Fear, thou art our God, and we will Love thee in Hope.

All my Life long will I Praise my God, and lift up my Hand to his holy Throne.

He is our great and Sovereign Lord, the absolute King of Heav'n and Earth, he sees at once the whole Frame of all things, and thoroughly comprehends their various Natures.

To every Creature he appoints a fit Office, and Guides their Motions in perfect order, till he has wrought his glorious Design, to finish the World in a beauteous Close.

All these he governs with infinite Wisdom, and all for the

the good of them that Love him: His Counsels are deep and beyond our reach; but all his ways are just and Merciful.

He rules his Enemies with a Rod of Iron, and Punishes their wilfulness with eternal Miseries: But his Seryants he Blesses with the privilege of Children, and provides for Duty into a Rich Inheritance.

All my Life long will I
Praise my God, and lift up
my Hands to his Holy
Throne.

H Y M N.

*Open thine Eyes, my Soul and see
Once more the Light returns to
(thee :)*

C 4 Look

¶ Wednesday-Morning's
Look round about and choose the
^{(Way,}
Thou mean'st to Travel o're the Day

Think on the Dangers thou may'st
meet,
And always watch thy sliding Feet.
Think where thou once hast fal'n
before;
Then mark the Place, and fall no
more.

Think on the helps thy God bestows;
And cast to steer thy Life by those.
Think on the Sweets thy Heart
did feel,
When thou did'st well, and do so
still.

Think on the Pains, that shall Tor-
ment,
Those stubborn Sins that ne'er
Repent:
Think on the Joys which wait
above,
To crown the Head of Holy Love.
Think

Think what at last will be thy
part,
If thou go'st on where now thou
art :
See Life and Death set thee to
choose,
One thou must take, & one refuse.

O my dear Lord, guide thou the
Course,
And draw me on with thy sweet
Force :
Still make me walk, still make me
tend,
By thee my Way, to thee my End.

All Glory to the sacred Three,
One undivided Deity :
As it has been in Ages gone,
May now and ever still be done.
Amen.

Let us not Faint, and we
shall surely see a prosperous
Issue out of all our Sorrows.

C 5 Still

54 Wednesday-Morning's

Still let us Labour, still let us suffer, our Troubles are short, and our Joys Eternal.

The Day will come, 'twill infallibly come, that God will Crown all that Love his Glory.

The God of all Grace who has call'd us to his eternal Glory in Jesus Christ, will himself, after you have suffered a little, perfect, confirm, and Stablish you: To him be Glory and Empire, for ever and ever, Amen.

The P R A Y E R.

O God, whose eternal Wisdom, the Word made Flesh and dwelling among us, not only told the World, with

with his own Sacred Mouth,
the unthought on Steps which
leads directly to Heav'n: But
trod them out plain with his
own sacred Feet, and ordain'd
others after him, through all
Generations, to guide others
steadily in them! Let not,
we humbly Beseech thee, so
much Love and Care be lost
on us: But vouchsafe us thy
continually necessary Grace,
not only to learn by wrote,
and profess with our Lips
this precious Way, kept still
open to our Eyes, but make
it our whole Life to walk di-
ligently in it, even to Death.
Through our Lord Jesus
Christ thy Son, who with thee
and the Holy Ghost, liveth

C 6 and

56 Wednesday Evening's
and Reigneth ever one God,
World without end, Amen.

Wednesday Evenings MEDITATIONS.

A Good Conscience is a
continual Feast, and a
peaceful Mind the Antepast
of Heaven.

Repent now my Soul, for
the Evils thou hast done, and
Bless thy God for the good
thou hast Receiv'd.

Lord, how secure and quiet
do they live, whom thy Grace
preserves in Innocence!

The Day goes smoothly
over their Heads, and silent
as the shadow of a Dial.

The

The Spirits of their Fancy
run Calm and even, and ebb,
and flow according to Reason.

All their delight is to think
of Heav'n, and reckon o're
the Joys that they shall one
Day possess.

Till some unruly Passion
press to come in, and by its
fawning outside gain admis-
tance.

It promises at first all Joy,
all Happiness; but soon dis-
covers its pernicious Intent.

Soon it grows bold to un-
dermine their Repose, and
open a Door to their Ene-
mies.

So, at a little Breach of the
City Wall, a whole Army
Powers in their numerous
Body.

Enslaving

58 *Wednesday Evening's*

Enslaving all that submit
to their Violence, and de-
stroying all that Resist it.

And such, alas, is their
Confusion, when once they
have yielded to the first Af-
fliction.

Immediately a Throng of
tumultuous Spirits crouds in-
to their Heads ; and utterly
consume the Remnant of their
Peace.

O ! the Distraction of a
Life led by Humour, and the
miserable Thraldom of being
Subject to Passions !

How often do they engage
us to contend with others,
and imbitter all our Days
with Strife and Envy !

How often do they Quar-
rel even among themselves,
and

and raise a War in our own Bosoms!

If they by chance agree in one desire, they many times vex us with being disappointed.

If perhaps they succeed, they seldom produce the expected Content.

If they delight our Corrupted Taste, and we greedily swallow their unwholesome sweetnes.

Vain at the best, and short are the Enjoyments of this World, and after a little Flattery betray us into Ruin.

Save us, O Blessed Jesus, or else we Perish, awake, and with thy speedy Mercy rescue thy Servants.

Send

60 Wednesday-Evening's

Send down thy powerful Grace to sustain our part, and thoroughly reduce those unquiet Disorders.

That we again may return to our quiet Rest, and constantly enjoy an universal Peace.

Peace with the Bad, by bearing their Injuries, and with the Good, by conforming to their Virtues.

Peace with our selves by subduing Sence to Reason; and with thee, by improving Reason with Religion.

Repent now, my Soul, for the Evils thou haft done, and Bless thy God for the good thou haft Received.

HYMN.

H Y M N.

AND do we then believe
there is a World to come;
Where all this World shall Sum-
(mon'd be,
to take their final Doom?

Is there a Heav'n indeed,
to Crown the Innocent?
Is there a Hell, and horrid Pains,
the Wicked to torment?

Are these Eternal too,
and never to have End?
Shall never those Delights decay,
those Sorrows never mend?

Good God! is all this true?
and sure most true it is:
And yet we live, as if there were
nothing so false as this.

O Quicken, Lord, our Faith
of these great Hopes and Fears:
And

62 Wednesday-Evening's
And make our last Days Trumpet
^{(be,}
still sounding in our Ears.

Still may this glorious Hope
shine bright before our Eyes ;
We shall at last go up to meet,
our Jesus in the Skies.

Come, Jesus, come, and take
our banish'd Souls to thee :
Come, quickly, Lord, that in thy
^{(Light}
our Eyes thy Light may see.

Glory to Thee, great God,
one Co-eternal Three :
As at the first Beginning was
may now and ever be. Amen.

For the rest, Brethren,
whatever things are true,
whatever honest, whatever
just, whatever amiable, what-
ever of good fame ; if there
be any Virtue, if any Praise
of

of Discipline, think upon these things, which you have both learnt, and received, and heard, and seen in me. These things do, and the God of Peace shall be with you.

Every Night approaches nearer our last; which reserves for us eternal Wages; justly, yet with a vast and generous Bounty, proportion'd to the Works of our Days.

The Wise will always keep their Lamps ready trimm'd, that the Bridegroom's Call may never surprize them.

The PRAYER.

O God, whose Merciful Providence, and Sweetness, makes

64 *Wednesday-Evening's*

makes easy the laborious Course of our Pilgrimage through this World, with constant Conveniences and seasons of Repose? Vouchsafe us, we humbly beseech thee, to make our due advantage of this thy Mercy; composing our Souls more satisfied to rest, by a faithful Recollection every Evening, how we have kept our Way, and whether we are advanced; and grant that, reflecting with hearty Contrition on every Step we have made awry, and with thankful acknowledgments on those thou hast led us right, we may henceforth be rendred more wary of our deviating Inclinations, and more attentively obsequious

obsequious to the steady guidance of thy Grace ; through our Lord Jesus Christ thy Son, who with thee, and the holy Ghost, liveth and Reigneth ever one God, World without end. Amen.

*Thursday Morning's
MEDITATIONS.*

Blessed, O my God, be thy Providence for ever ; which so plentifully Furnishes us with Rules of Virtue : And so safely guides all those Souls to Happiness, who choose to live under thy Sweet Government, as thou has shewn us the Way, Lord give

66 Thursday-Mornings.

give us Strength to walk in it, and bring us in the End to thy eternal Rest, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Our Father, &c.

He freely opens his Bounteous Hand; and fills with his Blessings every living Creature, he gives, even Kings their daily Bread, and all the World is maintain'd by his Provision.

He feeds our Understanding with the knowledge of Truth; and strengthens our Wills by his Holy Grace; he refreshes our Memories with a thousand Benefits, and feasts our whole Souls with everlasting hopes.

With

Meditations. 67

With himself he feeds us
and nourishes us up to eter-
nal Life, beginning even here
that blessed Union, which
shall fully be perfected in
his own Kingdom.

Come all we Servants of
so Gracious a Lord ; whom
he daily entertains with in-
numerable Mercies : Come
you Children of so loving a
Father, for whom he has pro-
vided an eternal Feast.

H Y M N.

*W*ith all the Pow'rs my poor
Soul batb,
Of bumble Love, and loyal Faith,
Thus low, my God, I bow to thee,
Whom too much Love baw'd low'r
for me.

Faith

68 Thursday-Morning's

Faith is my Eye, Faith Strength
affords,
To keep Pace with those Pow'rful
Words :
And Words more sure, more sweet,
than they,
Love could not think, Truth could
not say.

O dear Memorial of that Death,
Which still survives and gives
us breath !

Live ever, Bread of Life, and be
My Food, my Joy, my All to me.

Come glorious Lord, my hopes
encrease ;
And fill my Portion in thy Peace :
Come bidden Life, and that long
Day,
For which I languish come away.

When this dry Soul, those Eyes
shall see,
And drink the unseal'd Source of
thee :

When

Meditations. 69

*When Glories Sun faib's shade
Jhall Chase;
And for thy Veil give me thy Face.*

'Tis thy delight, O Lord,
to be with the Children of
Men; O make it ours to be
with the God of Heaven.
Amen.

Blessing, and Glory, and
Wisdom, and Thanksgiving;
and Honour, and Power, and
Might be unto our God for
ever and ever, Amen.

The P R A Y E R.

O Bounteous Lord, the con-
tinual Supplier of all thy
Creatures with convenient
Sustenance; to advance our
Growth and Strength, fit to
take Heav'n by Violence, and
D
rise

70 Thursday-Morning's
rise at length eternal enjoyers
of thy Self ! Fix, we beseech
thee, our Eyes and Adoration
on that open Hand which
thus graciously gives us our
daily Bread ; and grant that
the firm Strengthening and
sweet Refreshing of our Souls
by thy Son's Body and Blood ;
may duly Sanctifie our Tastes
to all other thy Bounties ;
that may relish as they are
only thy great Love to us ;
and feed, as they ought, pure-
ly thy dear Love in us ;
through the same Jesus Christ,
who with thee and the Holy
Ghost, liveth and Reigneth,
ever one God, World without
end, Amen.

Thursday

Thursday Evenings

MEDITATIONS.

WHAT could'st thou say,
dear Lord, more sweet
than this? Thy Delight is
with the Children of Men.

Who will give me this
happy Favour; that I may
find my God alone?

That I may find him in
the Silence of Retirement;
where the Noise of the World
can no way interrupt us.

But that my God may
speak to me, and I to him;
as dearest Friends converse
together.

D 2 That

72 *Thursday-Evening's*

That I may unfold before him all my Wants ; and freely ask the Charity of his Council.

What shall I do, O my gracious Lord, to be Happy here ? What shall I do to be Happy hereafter ?

Nature already has thus far taught me ; that, in all I undertake, I seek my own Good.

Only I have Cause to fear, I may mistake that Good, and set up an Idol instead of thee.

Unless my God vouchsafe to instruct me, and shew my Soul its true Felicity.

Hark, how the eternal Wisdom gives the Advice, and

and let every Word sink deep into thy Soul.

Seek with thy first Endeavours the Kingdom of Heaven ; and all things else shall be added to thy Wish.

Love, with thy whole Affections the Enjoyment of thy God, and all things else shall conspire to thy Happiness.

All these, my Lips confess, are excellent Truths ; but when, O my God, shall my Life confess them ?

When shall I perfectly over come my Passions ; and guide them so, that they may draw me to thy Light ?

While they are mine, alas ! I can't govern them : Behold dear

74 Thursday-Ev'ning's
dear Lord, I offer them to
thee:

Check thou their lawless
Motions by thy Grace, lest
they violently carry me
away from my Duty.

Wean thou my Heart from
the Follies of this World;
and quicken its Appetite to
thy solid Joys.

That I may Hunger and
Thirst perpetually after thee,
and those glorious Promises
thou hast made to thy Ser-
vant.

That my whole Soul may
seek thee alone; since thou
alone art all my Heaven.

HYMN.

H T M N.

DO I resolve an easy Life,
Stor'd with Plenty, free from
(strife?)
When, dear Lord, thy Days and
Nights
Past in Poverty and Fights?

Do I design a gentle Death,
Singing out my aged Breath?
When, my Saviour, Torture tore
Thy Soul from Body drown'd in
Gore?

O dread dai'ly Sacrifice,
Acting in a sweet Disguise,
Jesus Passions o're again;
Such undue Conceits restrain.

Keep still lively in my Mind;
How I ought to be resign'd:
How this Pattern ought destroy
All my sensual Grief and Joy.

Are

76 Thursday-Evening's

*Are Sufferings Ills? No, Goodness chose
His and our Way to Bliss through
these.*

*Are Pleasures Goods? No, Wisdom scorn'd,
Their Dalliances and us fore-
warn'd.*

*This, this makes my Ditty be,
At least, when ever thee I see;
Thee, its ground so oft repeating,
To prevent my Soul's forgetting.*

*Jesus! thus arm'd, no Terrors shall
Make my virtuous Courage fall:
No Flatteries here my best Hopes
drown:
Since thy Cross led to thy Crown.*

*Live for ever, glorious Lord,
Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd;
O may both their Praises give!
They who See, we who Believe.*

Humble

Humble your selves under the mighty Hand of God, that he may exalt you in the Day of Visitation, casting upon him all your solicitude, for he has a care of you. Be Sober, and watch, for your adversary the Devil, as a Roaring Lyon, compasses about whom he may devour, whom resist strong in Faith.

I said to all Creatures,
Peace be gone.

Let me enjoy my God in Solitude and Silence.

The PRAYER:

O God, whose Delights are
to be with the Children
of Men, where thy Grace
D 5 can

78 *Thursday-Evening's*

can prevail with us to quit all other Company, and return to thee alone! Grant, we humbly beseech thee, that thy Providences withdrawing every Night all the World from our Senses, may efficaciously move us to clear our Heads and Hearts of all its distractions; and thy Holy Spirit, finding our minds happily Vacant, may fill them with Acts of Love, and Reverence, and Adoration of thee, as our only God, and all things, through our Lord Jesus Christ thy Son, who with thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and Reigneth one God, World without end, Amen.

Friday

Friday Morning's MEDITATION S.]

Repent, we beseech thee,
O Lord, our Actions
with thy Holy Inspirations,
and carry them on by thy
Gracious assistance, that every
Prayer and Work of ours,
may begin always from thee,
and by thee be happily ended
through Christ our Lord,
Amen.

Our Father, &c.

Come let's adore our God
that redeemed us.

When we had sold our
selves to Sin, and were all
become

80 Friday-Morning's

become the Slaves of Satan :
Our blessed Jesus descended
from Heav'n, and with a vast
Price freely bought out our
Freedom.

The Price was no less than
his own dearest Blood, which
he plenteously shed on the
Holy Cross : Depositing so
his inestimable Life ; to res-
cue Sinners from Eternal
Death.

Let us Consecrate this
Day to his own Sacred Me-
mory, and tenderly Com-
passionate his unparallel'd
Sufferings ; repenting from
our Hearts our many Sins ;
and thankfully admiring his
infinite Mercies.

Let us wean our minds
from unde合oming delights,
and

and Mortify our Senses with
a prudent Restraint: That
carried on the Wings of Fast-
ing and Alms, our Prayers
may Mount up more swiftly
to Heaven.

H Y M N.

*C*ome let's adore the King of
Love,
and King of Sufferings too:
For Love it was that brought him
down,
and set him here in Woe.

*L*ove dress'd him from his Paradice,
where Flowers that fade not
grow:
And Planted him in our poor
Dust,
Among us Weeds below.

*B*ut envious Frosts, and furious
Storms,
so long so fiercely chide;
 This

82 Friday-Morning's

*This tender Flower at last bow'd
down,
its bruised Head and dy'd.*

*O narrow Thoughts, and narrow
Speech,
here your defects Confess;
The Life of Christ, the Death of
God
how faintly you express.*

*To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
one undivided Three,
All highest Praise, all humblest
Thanks,
Now and for ever be, Amen.*

We are bought with a
Price, even the most preci-
ous Sweat and Blood of Jesus,
henceforth to call him Mast-
er whose Service is perfect
Freedom, and gives us effectu-
al Power to become the Sons
of God.

The

The Chains fell off our
Hands and Feet.

When thy dear Redeemer's
were nail'd to the Cross.

Blessed be God and the
Father of our Lord Jesus
Christ, the Father of Mer-
cies, and God of all Conso-
lation; that we may be also
able to Comfort them who
are in any distress, by the
Consolation wherewith we
are Comforted of God. For,
as the Passions of Christ
abound in us, so likewise by
Christ our Comfort abounds.

The PRAYER.

O Eternal Father, who
sent down thy only Son
to Redeem the World, en-
slav'd

84 *Friday-Morning's*

slav'd to Sin and Satan ; by
asssuming our frail Nature,
and powerfully Teaching us
both by Word and Example,
its sole Way to that Bliss,
for which we were Created ;
Grant, we beseech thee, that
the continual Memory of his
bitter Passion and Death on
the Cross, may beget in us an
utter disvalue of the Goods
or Evils we meet with here,
compar'd to the advancing
our selves or others in the
esteem of what we hope here-
after : Through the same
Jesus Christ thy Son, who
with thee and the Holy
Ghost, liveth ever one God,
World without end, Amen:

Friday

Friday-Evening's MEDITATIONS.

O Senseless we, that so little consider what we do against our Saviour, or what he suffered for us.

Lord, how the World requites thy Love ! How ingrateful are we to thy Blessed Memory !

We negligently forget thy sacred Passion ; or rather Sufferings.

While we deprive others of their Right, what do we else, but divest thee of thy Cloaths ?

While

86 *Friday Evening's*

While we delight in Strife
and Schism ; what do we
else but rend thy seamless
Coat ?

If we despise the least of
thy Servants, are we not so
many *Herods* that Scorned
thee ?

If we for fear proceed
against our Conscience, how
are we better than *Pilate*,
that Condemned thee ?

By retaining a sharp and
bitter Malice, do we not
give thee Vinegar and Gall
to Drink ?

By shewing no Mercy to
the Poor and Afflicted, do
we not pass by the Cross as
Strangers unconcern'd ?

Thus we again Crucifie
the Lord of Glory ; and put
him

him a fresh to an open
Shame.

Is this, O wretched we !
The Duty we Pay to the
sacred Memory of our dear
Redeemer ?

Are these the Thanks our
Gratitude returns, to that
strange excess of our Saviours
Love ?

When we sat in Darkness,
he took us up by the Hand,
and kindly led us into his
own Light.

We sought not him, but
he cam• from far to find us ;
we look'd not towards him,
but his Mercy call'd after
us.

He call'd aloud in Words
of Tenderness ; why will you
Perish ,

88 *Friday-Evening's*
Perish, O you Children of
Men?

Why will you run after
empty Trifles; as if there
were no Joys above with
me?

Return, O you dear-bought
Soul! And I will Receive
you; Repent, and tho' you
had really Crucified me; I
will forgive you.

Behold, O Blessed Jesus,
to thee we come, and on thy
Holy Cross fasten all our
Confidence.

Never will we unclasp our
Faithful Hold, till thy Grace
has Seal'd the Pardon of our
Sins.

Never will we part from
that Standard of Hope; till
our

our troubled Consciences be
dismist in Peace.

There will we stand, and
Sigh, and Weep, and every
one humbly say to thy
Mercy.

Jesus my God I suffer Vio-
lence ; answer thou for me.

O Senseless we, that so
little Consider what we do
against our Saviour, or what
he Suffered for us.

He is the Propitiation for
our Sins ; and not for ours
only, but for the Sins of the
whole World.

HYMN.

90 Friday-Evening's

H Y M N.

T IS not for us, and our proud
Hearts,
O mighty Lord! to choose our
Parts.

But act well what thou giv'st.
'Tis not in our Power to make,
One step o'th Way we undertake;
unless thou us reliev'st.

What thou hast given, thou can'st
take,
And, when thou wilt, new Gifts
can make;
all flows from thee alone:
When thou didst give it, it was
thine;
When thou retook'st it, 'twas not
mine:
Thy Will in all be done.

Lord let me then sit calmly down,
And rest Contented with my own,

that

Meditations. 91

that is what thou allow'st :
Keep thou my Mind serene and
free,
Often to think of Heav'n and
thee ;
and what thou there bestow'st.

There let me have my Portion,
Lord !

There all my Losses be restor'd ;
no matter what falls here :
It's not enough that we shall sing,
And Love for ever our bl. st King ;
whose goodness plac'd us there.

Great God, as thou art one, may
we
With one another all agree ;
and in thy Praise Conspire :
May Men and Angels joyn and
Sing,
Eternal Hymns to thee their
King ;
and make up all one Quire,
Amen.

God

92 *Friday-Evening's*

God forbid that I should Glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the World is Crucified to me, and I to the World. For in Christ Jesus neither Circumcision avails any thing, nor Uncircumcision; but a new Creature: And whoever shall follow this Rule, Peace on them, and Mercy, and on the Israel of God.

Day to Day utters Words of Instruction.

And Night to Night affords Silence.

The

The PRAYER.

O God, whose provident
Mercy makes every Day
a new Branch of the Tree of
Knowledge to us, when the
Evening may gather fresh
variety of Fruit, fit to nut-
rish those Souls whom thy
Grace has brought to feed
on the Tree of Life, the
Cross of Jesus! Grant we
humbly Beseech thee, that
no experience of Good or
Evil, which this Day has
afforded, may be lost on us;
but what e're of Moment has
happen'd to our selves or
others, may by a seasonable
wise Consideration, be fitted
to render us more skilful in
E discern-

discerning the true value and use of this State, in all its Postures ; and stronger to Sacrifice up, with our Saviour, our whole Concerns and Being here, to thy Will, and the sole advance of thy Glory, which at length will surely Crown thy Servants with immortal Bliss ; through our Lord Jesus Christ thy Son, who with thee and the Holy Ghost, Liveth and Reigneth, ever one God, World without end, Amen.

Saturday

Saturday Morning's MEDITATIONS.

D Eliver us, O Lord, from relapsing into the Sins we have Repented ; the Sins we so often have promised to amend : Deliver us from all Enmity and Malice with our Neighbours ; and from oppressing the Poor who have none to help them. Then we may confidently expect thy Protection ; if we serve thee, and Love one another, through the Mediation of Christ Jesus our Lord , Amen.

E 2 Our

96 Saturday-Morning's
L Our Father, &c.

Come all ye Powers of my delivered Soul, and pay your Homage to the Prince of our Salvation: Cast your unworthy selves at his sacred Feet; and renew your Vows of following his Steps.

He Triumphant over Death in his own Body; and enables us to Conquer it in ours, imparting to us his Heavenly Skill, and provoking our Courage with infinite Rewards.

He chang'd the Corrupted Government of the World; and Establisht a new and holy Law; that, as we were Vassals to Sin before, we might

might now become the free Subjects of Grace.

Let us live and die in his blest Obedience ; and no Temptation ever separate us from him, who, if we Resist, will make us overcome ; and when we overcome, will Crown us with Peace,

Come lets adore our victorious Redeemer.

H Y M N.

Lord we again lift up our Eyes,
and leave our sluggish Beds ;
But why we wake, or why we rise,
comes seldom in our Heads.

Is it to sweat and toil for Wealth,
or spent our Time away ;
That thou preserv'st us still in
^{(Health ;}
and giv'st us this new Day ?

98 Saturday-Morning's

No, no, unskilful Soul, not so ;
be not decor'd with Toys :
By Lord's Commands more wisely
(go,
and aim at bigger Joys.

They let us wake to seek new
(Grace,
and some fresh Virtue gain :
They call us up to mend our Pace,
till we the Prize attain.

That glorious Prize for which all
(Run,
Who wisely spend their Breath :
Who, when this weary Life is
(done,
are sure of Life in Death.

Not such a Pest as we prove,
disturb'd with Cares and Fears :
But endless Joy and Peace, and
(Love;
unmixt with Grief and Tears.

Glory to thee, O Bounteous Lord!
who giv'st to all things Breath :
Glory

Meditations. 99

*Glory to thee, Eternal World!
who sav'st us by thy Death.*

*Glory, O blessed Spirit, to thee,
who fills our Souls with Love;
Glory to all the Mystic Three.
who Reigns one God above.*

(Amen.)

When thou had'st overcome the Sting of Death;
thou opened'st the Kingdom of Heaven to all Believers.

Take heed, lest being led aside by the Error of the unwise, you fall away from your own stedfastness. But grow in Grace, and the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ; to him be Glory both now, and to the Day of Eternity, Amen.

Be not afraid of those who kill the Body.

F 4 And

198 Friday-Morning's

And after that have no
more they can do.

The PRAYER.

O God, who has submitted thy only Son, our Saviour Jesus, to expire on the Cross, and descend into the Grave; that he might destroy the Life of Sin, and Bury the Terrors of Death; grant we beseech thee, they may never revive or rise again, to Tempt or Fright us from the Ways of Virtue, nor shake this sure and Fundamental Truth, which thy Grace has laid in our Hearts, that the greatest Mischiefs our Salvation can cost us here

Meditations. 10.

here are but Momentary,
and work above measure ex-
ceedingly in us an Eternal
Weight of Glory, through
the same our Lord Jesus
Christ thy Son, who with
thee and the Holy Ghost,
liveth and Reigneth ever
one God, World without
end, Amen.

F 5 Satur-

302 Saturday-Evening's

Saturday Evening's MEDITATIONS.

TOO often are we trou-
bled about many things,
when the truly necessary are
but one.

Retire, O my Soul, into
thy own Bosom, and search
what thou aimest at in all thy
thoughts.

Where dost thou place thy
chief Felicity, and whither
tend thy strongest desires.

Go to the Great and Pru-
dent of the World: and
learn of them to chuse thy
Interest.

Do

Do they not there Encrease
their Estates ; where they
intend to spend most of their
Life ?

Do they project their
Mansion Seat, in a Country
through which they pass as
Travellers only.

No more my Soul, should
we Build our best Hopes, on
the Sandy Foundations of
this perishable Earth.

Where, sure we are, we
cannot stay long ; and are not
sure we may stay very little.

O thou Eternal Being, that
changest not, yet art the
Cause and End of all our
Changes.

Who still remain'st the
same RichFullness in thy self,
the

104 Saturday-Evenings

the same bright Glory to all
thy Blessed.

Teach us, O Lord, to use
this Transitory Life; as Pil-
grims returning to their blef-
sed Home.

That we may take what
our Journey requires; and
not think of settling in a Fo-
reign Country.

But wisely forecast our
Pleasures so, as to be Happy
there where we must always
be.

Too often are we troubled
about many things; when
the truly necessary are but
one.

HYMN.

H Y M N.

My Soul; what's all the World
to thee;
this World of Sin and Woe;
Where only Sence can taste its
Sweets,
and those unwholesome too?

Truth is thy Food, Truth thy
delight;
which cannot here be free:
Thy Mind was Born to Know and
Love,
what this Life ne'er can see.

Malicious World, how dost thou
lay,
and cover thy false Baits!
Here, those of Pleasure, there
those of Gain:
each for our Ruin waits.

Unhappy we, it is our Fault:
'tis we our Life abuse: The

105 Saturday-Evening's
The World presents a furnisht Shop,
and we the Tools misuse.

So have I seen a littlē Child,
if Nurse but turn her Eye;
Instead of Halft, take hold o'th
Blade,
and Cut it self and Cry.

This little Child, alas, am I,
self will'd, self wounded too:
But Lord, turn not thy Face away;
lest I my self undo.

O make me still so use this World,
that I the other gain:
O make me so the other Love,
that this its End attain.

Its end, to breed up Souls for
Heav'n,
then be it self new-dreft:
No more Corruption, no more
Change:
but one perpetual Rest.

To

Meditations. 107

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
the undivided Three,
One equal Glory, one same Praise,
now and for ever be. Amen.

The Day of our Lord
shall come as a Thief in the
Night: Let us not therefore
sleep as others, but Watch
and be Sober. For God has
not appointed us to Wrath,
but to the purchasing Salva-
tion by our Lord Jesus
Christ, who Died for us:
That whether we Wake or
Sleep; we may live together
with him.

The PRAYER.

O God, whose Eternal pro-
vidence has imbarke^t our
Souls in the Ship of our Bo-
dies,

108 Saturday-Evening's

dies, not to expect any Port or Anchorage on the Sea of this World, but steer directly through it to thy Glorious Kingdom! Grant, we Beseech thee, that, daily reflecting with what Care and unwearied Diligence, the wretched Adventurers for all sorts of Vanity pursue round about us their desperate Courses; we may heartily feel our selves Confounded with just Reproach; who, knowing our Ingagement on so important a Voyage, yet take so little Pains to perform it. Preserve us, O Lord, from the Dangers that on all sides Assault us, and keep our Affections fitly disposed to Receive the Holy Inspiration.

Inspirations; that carried sweetly and strongly forward by the Holy Spirit, we may happily arrive at last in the Heaven of Eternal Salvation; through our Lord Jesus Christ thy Son, who with thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and Reigneth ever one God, World without end, Amen.

*On the Nativity of our
Blessed Lord.*

A HYMN.

THIS is the great and joyful Day,
That did to us a Saviour bring.
Let us to him our Homage pay,
And with the Heav'ny Angels sing.

God was incarnate Man to save,
He Heav'n on Earth to us displays.

Let

On the Nativity. 111

Let us devote the Life he
gave,
In daily living to his Praise.

Kings offer Incense, Gold and
Mirrh,
Which he does Graciously
approve.

The Heart sincere he will
prefer,
That flames with Heav'nly
Zeal and Love.

The Breath which he on us
bestows,
Let us in Hymns of Praise
restore.
For all his Bounty which o're-
flows,
Let us with Wonder him
adore.

In

112 *On the Nativity.*

In every differing Scene of
Life,

To him alone the Glory
give,

Banishing Discords, Wars
and Strife,

In Peace, in Love, and
Union live:

With Angels and Arch-angels
joyn,

Our grateful Hymns and
joyful Songs.

Inspir'd with Harmony divine
To him we'll thus address
our Tongues.

Glory to the All-Holy One,
Who Peace and Man's Sal-
vation brings.

To God the Father, Spirit, Son
The great Eternal King of
Kings. On

On the Passion of our Blessed Lord and Redeemer.

A HYMN.

B**E**hold, vile Man, with
Weeping Eyes,
And melting Heart o're
flow'd with Grief.
The Son of God in Sacrifice,
That thou thereby may'st
find Relief.

Consider what thy Sins have
done,
Which did his bitter Pangs
Create.

How

114 *On the Passion.*

How much his Love to thee
was shown,
To save thee from thy
wretched State.

What Heart can bear to hear
his Groans,
And not Relent for what's
the Cause.

Think how it mov'd hard
Rocks and Stones,
And burst the Bonds of
Nature's Laws.

Never let the Remembrance
move,
Nor slip out of thy grate-
ful Mind.
But for his Suff'rings and his
Love,
Let him thy due Obedience
find.

Before

On the Passion. 115

Before his sacred Altar fall,
With fervent Zeal approach the Place.

Devoutly there for Mercy call
And humbly Supplicate for Grace.

Let Prayers and Alms as Incense sweet,
Before him a Memorial be,
With Love like his all others greet,
The Love his Life has Taught to thee.

Thus shalt thou answer the great End,
For which he here his Suffrings bore.
And shall at length to Heav'n ascend,
And Reign with him for evermore, On

120 On the Resurrection.

On the Resurrection of our
Blessed Lord and Savi-
our.

A H Y M N.

THE joyful Morning now
appears,
Nights gloomy Shades are
past away.
Around the Spacious Orb it
clears,
And ushers in the Happy
Day.

Behold the Son of Righteous-
ness
Arise with Healing in his
Eyes.

Which

An. 2012. T. 20.

Which does all Hearts with
Joy possess,
Which endless Peace and
Pleasure brings.

Blest Son of Righteousness,
arise,
Enliv'ning Beams around
Dispence,--
And each believing Heart
surprise,
With thy All-healing Influ-
ence.

O there do thou Alcendant
Reign,
Eternal Son of Righteous-
ness.
Let every Breath thy Beams
contain,
Which with thy Glorious
Presence bless. F. O

220 On the Resurrection.

On the Resurrection of our
Blessed Lord and Savi-
our.

A H T M N.

THE joyful Morning now
appears,
Nights gloomy Shades are
past away.

Around the Spacious Orb it
clears,
And ushers in the Happy
Day.

Behold the Son of Righteous-
ness
Arise with Healing in his
Eyes.

Which

Arise, O King of Glory,

Which does all Hearts with Joy posses,
Which endless Peace and Pleasure brings.

Blest Son of Righteousness,

Every Beam around Dispence,
And each believing Heart surprise,
With thy All-healing Influence.

O there do thou Alcibiades
Reign.

Eternal Son of Righteousness.

Let every Breath thy Presence contain,
Which with thy Glorious Presence blest. F C

O with the Brightness of thy Face,
In thy exalted Gloryshine.
That all may thy bleſt Charms Embrace.
Each Breast inflame with Love Divine.

O King of Glory, Prince of Peace,
Who guid'st our Hearts; enthron'd above.
Let Wars below, and Discords cease,
And all inspire with Heav'nly Love.

O let each Soul prepare its Flight,
Reviv'd by thee to Rise again.

Bleſt

Blest in the presence of thy
Sight,
Where thou dost now in
Glory Reign.

Where Angels thy blest
Throne surround,
And Heav'ly Anthems
sweetly Sing.

Where Saints in Bliss, those
yet uncrown'd,
In endless Praises, Tribute
bring.

To the blest undivided Three,
Whom all in Earth and
Heav'n adore.

As was, and is, all Glory be
While Time shall cease
and be no more.

On

324 On the Descent.

On the Descent of the
Holy Spirit.

A HYMN

O Holy Spirit, Heav'nly
Dove,
Descending from thy
Throne above,
From the all glorious awful
Throne,
Of the Eternal Three in one.

Who the Apostles didst In-
spire,
With Dove like Hearts,
and Tongues of Fire.
On us descend, that we may
be,
Like them, Divinely blest
by thee. With

On the Descent. 12^s

With Zeal our Hearts and
Tongues inflame,

That we may Magnify
thy Name.
Each yielding Heart prepare
to take,

The blest Impression thou
dost make.

In every Breast thy Image

That there we may perceive
to be,
The semblance of the Tri-
nity.

How Understanding, Thought
and Will

One Soul compose, tho'
three Pow'rs still,

How

126 *On the Descent.*

How these combining all in
Love,
Resemble one blest God
above.

Father of Lights, and Son's
bright Beams,
And Spirits Heat, our
Breasts inflame.
Blest time irradiate with thy
Light,
Our Human Intellectual
Sight.

Till we arrive at that blest
Place,
Where we shall see thee
Face to Face,
Where we the Father and the
Son,
And Spirit shall behold in one.
Where

On the Descent. 127

Where we among the blest
shall joyn,
In Hallelujahs all divine.
And with th' Harmonious
Heav'nly Choir,
Incessantly thy Love admire,

To the Eternal Three in one,
As was, and is, and shall be
done.
All Glory to one God be
given,
By all on Earth, and all in
Heav'n.

A Prayer for a Child, to be
used Morning and Even-
ing.

A Lmighty God, who madest
me, and hast preserved me
to this Hour: I praise and
thank thee for the Holy Name of
Jesus, and for his Precious Blood,
which thou didst shed for me:
I beseech thee to accept
whatever I have
done, and to give me Grace
to remember and put in Practice
my Baptismal Vow, by
renouncing the Devil and all
his Works. Incline my Heart
to that which is good, and
create in me an utter Dislike
of all Evil. Put thy Fear and
thy Love in my Soul, that I
may

On several Occasions: 120
may serve thee, and worship
thee, and keep thy Command-
ments.

Make me dutiful to [my
Father and Mother;] obedient
to my Teachers; humble
and reverent to all my Peo-
ple; and enable me to do to
others, as I would have them
do to me.

Preserve me from bearing
Malice or Hatred in my
Heart, from lying and Steal-
ing, Slandering and Evil-
Speaking, and all evil
Thoughts, Words, and Aci-
ons. Guide me by thy Holy
Spirit, that I may live to thy
Glory, and, when I die, may
attain everlasting Life.

Lord

Prayer for a Child, to be
used Morning and Even-

ing.

A. Almighty God, who madest
me, and hast preserved me
to this hour, I proule and
thank thee for thy grace.

Grant me every day
to use thy Grace
to remember and put in Practice
my Baptismal Vow, by
renouncing the Devil and all
his Works. Incline my Heart
to that which is good, and
create in me an utter Dislike
of Evil. Put thy Fear and
Love in my Soul, that I

On several Occasions: 14.

may serve thee, and worship thee, and keep thy Commandments.

14. Make me dutiful to my Father and Mother; obedient to my Teachers; humble and reverent to all my People; and enable me to do to others, as I would have them do to me.

Pardon me from bearing Malice or Hatred in my Heart, from lying and Stealing, Slanderous and Evil Speaking, and all evil Thoughts, Words, and Actions. Give me by thy Holy Spirit, that I may live to thy Glory, and when I die, may gain everlasting Life.

Lord,

Lord, bless all my Relations and Friends, and save and defend them and me from all Dangers this Day or Night] and evermore, thro Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

*A Prayer to be said upon
our Birth-Day or Day of
Baptism.*

O Blessed and eternal God,
I give thee Praise and Glory for thy great Mercy to me, in causing me to be born of Christian Parents, and didst not allot to me a Portion with Misbelievers and Heathens, that have not known thee : Thou didst not

On several Occasions. 13

not suffer me to be strangled at the Gate of the Womb , but thy Hand sustain'd and brought me to the Light of the World, and the Illumination of Baptism. Lord, since I have broken the Promises made on my Behalf, and have gone Back from them by an evil Life ; and yet thou hast still continu'd to me Life, and Time of Repentance, and didst not cut me off in the Beginning of my Days, and in the Progress of my Sins. O dearest God, pardon the Errors and Ignorances, the Vices and Vanities of my Youth, and the Faults of my more forward Years, and let me never more stain the Whiteness of my Baptis-

mal

inal Robe : And now that
By thy Grace I full perfitt in
thee Purposes of Obedience,
and do give up my Name to
Christ, and Glory to be a
Disciple of thy Infrition,
and a Servant of Jesus ; let
me never fail of thy Grace :
Let no Root of Bitterness
spring up, and disorder my
Purposes, and defile my Spi-
rit. O let my Years be so
many Degrees of nearer Ap-
proach to thee ; and forsake
me not in my Old Age, when
I am gray-headed : And
when my Strength fails me,
be thou, O my God, my
Strength, and Guide unto
Death, that I may reckon my
Years, and apply my Heart
unto Wisdom ; and, at last,

after

after spending a holy and
Blessed Life, partake of a
glorious Eternity, through
my dearest Saviour and Re-
deemer, Jesus Christ Amen.

*A Prayer to be said by Pa-
rents for their Children.*

O Almighty and most
merciful Father, who hast
promised Children as a Re-
ward to the Righteous, and
hast given them to me as a
Testimony of thy Mercy,
and an Engagement of my
Duty; be pleased so to be a
Father unto them, and give
them healthful Bodies, san-
ctified Spirits, that they may
be thy Servants, and thy
Children,

Children, all their Days
Be a great Mercy and Pro-
vidence lead them through
the Dangers and Temptati-
ons, and Ignorances of their
Youth, that they may never
run into Folly, and the Evils
of an unbridled Appetite.
So order the Accidents of
their Live , that by Educa-
tion, careful Tutors, Holy
~~Exa~~ mple, innocent Compa-
ny, prudent Counsel, and
thy restraining Grace, their
Duty to thee may be secured
in the midst of a crooked
and untoward Generation :
And if it seem good in thy
Eyes, let me be enabled to
provide coveniently for the
Support of their Persons, that
they may not be destitute
and

and miserable at my Death ;
or, if thou shalt call me off
from this World by an early
Summons, let their Portion
be thy Care, Mercy and Pro-
vidence over their Bodies
and Souls, and may they ne-
ver live vicious Lives, nor
die violent or untimely
Deaths ; but let them glorify
thee here with a free Obe-
dience, and the Duties of a
whole Life, that when they
have served thee in their Ge-
nerations, and have profit-
ed the Christian Common-
Wealth, they may be Co-
heirs with Jesus, in the
Glories of thy eternal King-
dom, thro' the same our
Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

For

For Diligence.

O Lord, who hast in thy Wisdom ordain'd that Man should be born to Labour, suffer me not to resist that Design of thine, by giving my self up to Sloth and Idleness; but grant I may so employ my Time, and all other Talents thou hast entrusted me with, that I may not fall under the Sentence of the slothful and wicked Servant. Lord, if it be thy Will, make me some Way useful to others, that I may not live an unprofitable Part of Mankind; but however, O Lord, let me not be useless to my self, but grant

I may give all Diligence to
make my Calling and Electi-
on sure. My Soul is beset
with many and vigilant Ad-
versaries; O let me not fold
my Hands to sleep in the
midst of so great Danger, but
watch and pray, that I enter
not into Temptation; endur-
ing Hardness as a good Sol-
dier of the Church, till I
be delivered from this State of
Warfare, then translate me
to the State of Triumph
and Bliss in thy Kingdom,
thro' Jesus Christ.

For Diligence.

O Lord, who hast in thy Wisdom ordain'd that Man should be born to Labour, suffer me not to resist that Design of thine, by giving my self up to Sloth and Idleness; but grant I may so employ my Time, and all other Tallents thou hast entrusted me with, that I may not fall under the Sentence of the slothful and wicked Servant. Lord, if it be thy Will, make me some Way useful to others, that I may not live an unprofitable Part of Mankind; but however, O Lord, let me not be useless to my self, but grant

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midst of so great Danger, but
watch and pray, that I enter
not into Temptation ; endur-
ing Hardness as a good Sol-
dier of Jesus Christ, till we
be laid from this State of
Warfare, thou translate me
to the State of Triumph
and Bliss in thy Kingdom,
thro' Jesus Christ.

*A Prayer before bearing
or reading the Word
of God.*

O Holy and eternal Jesus,
who hast begotten us by
thy Word, renew'd us by
thy Spirit, fed us by thy
Sacraments, and by the daily
Ministry of thy Word ; still
go on to build us up to Life
eternal. Let thy most holy
Spirir be present with my
and rest upon me in reading
(or hearing) thy sacred
Word, that I may do it hum-
bly, reverently, without
Prejudice, with a Mind rea-
dy

On several Occasions 139

dy and desirous to learn,
and to obey, that I may be
readily furnish'd and in-
structed to every good Work,
and may practise all thy
holy Laws and Command-
ments, to the Glory of thy
Name, O holy and eternal
Jesus. *Amen.*

ON

ON

A wish'd-for Retirement.

W^Eary'd of Earth, and all
it's gaudy Joys,
It's vain Amusements, and
Innumerable Noises;

I confess that I am
well nigh weary,

I sought some lonely Shade to
vent my Woe.

I wander'd long, and ran
from Plain to Plain,

Ere I the bles'd Retirement
cou'd obtain:

Breathless, and Spent, at last
I spy'd a Cave,

Dark as my Thoughts, but
silent as the Grave;

Toither

341 *On Retirement.*

Thither, with Sighs, I bent
my feeble Race,
And falling down, laid pro-
strate on my Face.

Then with repeated Moans, I
thus began

To vent my Grief, just like
the dying Swan :

O, sovereign Beauty, bound-
less Source of Love.

From thee I'm sprung, to thee
again I move.

Like some small Glims of
Light, some feeble Ray,
That lost its self bywand'ring
from the Day,

Or some eclips'd, some faint,
and borrow'd Beam,

That faint would wanderback
from whence it came ;

E

On Retirement. 242

So I, poor banisht I, oft strive
to flee
Through this dark Maze of
Nothing up to thee ;
But, O ! the Way's so steep,
the Ascent so high
To Pinions clogg'd with dull
Mortality,
That tho' I clap my Wings,
and strike with Pain,
Yet still I flutter, and fall
down again.

F I N I S.



